

Scott Walker Sundog

Selected Lyrics
with an introduction by Eimear McBride



'Walker's work, as Joyce's before it, is a complex synaesthesia of thought, feeling, the doings of the physical world and the weight of foreign objects slowly ground together down into diamond. It is Pinter-esque in its menace but never shies from naked emotion [. . .] This is not art for the passive. It does not impart comfort or ease. Tempests will not be reconciled by the final bars and no one is going home any more. It is, in fact, more like being taken backwards into a blacked-out room where anything and everything can happen. But therein lies the source of much of its power, and exhilaration, because locked in the dark, and cut loose of the world, the mind cannot help but wonder what will happen to me? What can happen to me now? This is work that does not speak of danger, it *feels* like it.'

Eimear McBride

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SUNDOG



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SCOTT WALKER

^{one}
Sundog



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'Extensions through Dimensions':

The Lyrics of Scott Walker

He is alone in it and then you are alone in it. At times listening to a Scott Walker record is like listening to the very distillation of solitude. He will not protect or guide you. He takes no pains to reassure that if the correct procedures are followed, and the necessary obeisance made, one day all meanings will be revealed. Quite the opposite. This is writing which sits within parameters of its own creation and its audience must bring their best self to the encounter. 'It's natural things should not be so clear at night, isn't it now?' wrote James Joyce of his infamously intricate book of the dark *Finnegans Wake*. And while the later works of Joyce and Scott Walker tread different terrains they share a formal audacity, breadth of vision and enough disorientatingly visceral abstraction to imply kinship in a shared conviction that literality is least of truths.

Walker's work, as Joyce's before it, is a complex synaesthesia of thought, feeling, the doings of the physical world and the weight of foreign objects slowly ground together down into diamond. It is Pinter-esque in its menace but never shies from naked emotion. Dostoyevskian in scale but lines like 'Leapin'// like a/ River Dancer's/ nuts' could come straight from Hašek or Flann O'Brien. Its

formidable reputation suggests it is best to approach with caution because, for all it offers, it asks much in return: for commitment, concentration and a kind of abandonment of the self, or at least the self which expects a well-turned rhyme given height by a hummable tune. There were those too once, of course, and in abundance. In his capacity as both songwriter and singer-interpreter, Scott Walker was responsible for some of the most beautiful, thoughtful songs of the 1960s. Not many of them have been included here but those that have point towards ideas that would become increasingly important – albeit in much expanded and existentialised forms – over the years; namely the individual's emotional exile from the collective human experience, even as the physical experience remains indivisible from it.

This transmutation of identity has become something of a hallmark of Walker's later work but as early as *Boy Child* he was writing, 'Boy child mustn't tremble/ 'cos he came without a name', and *Duchess*, '... shed your names with the seasons'. But it's the 'You out of me, me out of you' of *It's Raining Today* which conjures not only the amorphous physicality of romantic or sexual closeness, it hangs a question mark over the individuation of identity itself. These days, however, and now far from the delicately drawn kitchen-sink dramas of his early writing, Walker's protagonists are protean figures bestriding universes but in bodies made of blood and

stink. *Bish Bosch's* Zercon, court jester to Attila the Hun, may sit on his twentieth-century flagpole gradually mutating, over the course of his monologue, into a 'Brown Dwarf' cold star, but he still shrieks forth quotes from Louis B. Mayer: "'DID YOU EVER THROW YOUR OWN MOTHER'S FOOD BACK AT HER?!'" or concludes a lengthy round of 'Your Mum is so fat' style insults with, ' "YOU'RE SO BORING THAT YOU CAN'T EVEN ENTERTAIN DOUBT"'. And the horrible poetry of 'Epizootics!':

All night the native bods squealing B flat,
like choirs of pigs
seeking revenge for stolen insulin.

is counterbalanced by

Take that accidentally in the bollocks for a
start.

Even the playful inversion on the *Soused* album's 'Herod 2014' of 'My Favourite Things' from *The Sound of Music*:

No 'Raindrops on roses'.
'Whiskers on kittens'.

follows on from:

She's hidden her babies away.

Their soft, gummy smiles
won't be gilding the menu.

And it is this constant rotation of tone which makes the traditional method of dissecting song lyrics seem a little joyless. Far better to immerse yourself and accept that in Scott Walker's night nothing will be so clear either. Once the eyes grow accustomed though you'll soon realise you're being pressed against every point between the bathetic and the divine.

All of which is a way of saying that this is not art for the passive. It does not impart comfort or ease. Tempests will not be reconciled by the final bars and no one is going home any more. It is, in fact, more like being taken backwards into a blacked-out room where anything and everything can happen. But therein lies the source of much of its power, and exhilaration, because locked in the dark, and cut loose of the world, the mind cannot help but wonder, what will happen to me? What can happen to me now? This is work that does not speak of danger, it *feels* like it. It communicates itself in ways the lay-listener (and I am one) is so unaccustomed to that it requires some time, some effort, before she can truly attune herself to what is going on in the songs, and then within herself as a result. Listening to a latter day Scott Walker record doesn't feel much like listening at all. Like being in the grip of some malarial fever, the only real option is to relent and, hopefully,

ride out its hallucinatory effect. This is writing which savages away at the nervous system while forcing the brain to dig down into its roots, seeking out what completely inadequate cover a spot of intellectualising may provide. Mostly the listener is held teetering on the verge of comprehension, however, while the emotions run to havoc around. Lines like:

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT

FROM HERE TO THOSE TREMBLING
STARS!

and the feathers so
fresh.

and the nerves so
fresh.

from *Tilt's* 'The Cockfighter' give every impression of approachable lucidity. Then the lyric slips onwards to:

THAT RIBBON CRACKS LIKE THIS
ONE AND THIS ONE CRACKS LIKE
THOSE OVER THERE. AND THOSE
OVER THERE CRACK LIKE THESE
TWO—

BRINGING THOSE STRUTTERS.
BRINGING THOSE STRUTTERS.

AND THAT ONE CRACKS LIKE THESE
DO AND THESE DO JUST LIKE THIS
OVER HERE AND THIS OVER HERE . . .

and out on the rim
all the calcium planets

growing in darkness

All over the

body.

The flapping body.

Suddenly the literal meaning has become much more oblique and the listener realises they have been travelled way beyond the garden-variety barbarism of the cockfight and into the queasy dominion of nightmare. That *Tilt's* liner notes credit sections of the lyric of 'The Cockfighter' to the trials of Queen Caroline and Adolf Eichmann does little to prepare the unwary listener for the ferocity – both musically and linguistically – of what is to follow. Another example of lyrics – of the many available – which no amount of scrutiny is likely to truly unpick is '*See You Don't Bump His Head*' from *Bish Bosch*. It opens with:

While plucking feathers
from a swan song

which becomes a refrain repeated over and over but followed by a variety of activities ranging from:

Spring might gently
press its thumbs
against your eyes.

to:

a mythic instance
of erotic impulse—

and:

shit might pretzel
Christ's intestines

Again, the note telling us that the track title comes from a cut line uttered by Montgomery Clift over Frank Sinatra's corpse in *From Here to Eternity* doesn't really help. Is it humorous blasphemy? Rabelaisian scatology? Bestial classical allegory? A bit of a weird joke? All of the above? None of the above? No answers will be found at the back of the book but the net result is like experiencing an amphetamine disjointed heartbeat shot through with visions of Beckettian horror-clowning. If this sounds unnerving, it is. But then there is also Walker's capacity for maintaining the delicate thread between the human microcosm and the allegorical macrocosm of his magpie imaginings, and this ensures his work never

hardens into an academic exercise in form and genre. It is what makes *Tilt's* opening track 'Farmer in the City' almost unendurably beautiful and the poignant final cry of 'I'm the only one left alive' from *The Drift's* 'Jesse' – the title referring to Elvis Presley's stillborn twin to whom he would, apparently, speak in moments of desolation – not merely an expression of one individual's crushing sense of isolation but of the inescapable universality of despair.

This mode of working tends to mean that while the writing is frequently embedded with literary, historical and cultural references, any attempt at a purely critical dismemberment is likely to leave the would-be theoretician staring frustratedly into empty hands. Like most ambitiously realised works of art, Walker's writing usually yields up its deeper, truer meaning only at the moment his audience relinquishes the desire to control and filter the listening experience by attending fixedly to its more readily recognisable parts. Because it *is* perplexing to have such a high impact experience and yet find no detectable clatter of personal ego coming off it. The artist as 'personality' is decidedly absent and, in a culture increasingly guided by a fear of incurring the wrath of the ill-informed, this refusal to engage with his audience on the level of the interpretably personal can initially seem both surprising and confusing, and is therefore likely to be regarded as problematic. How can the artist display so little interest in selling me

his personal or political views? Why is it that by the end of this book I will not understand more about turn-of-the-century interpersonal relationships or find myself questioning the justness of my own moral positions? Shouldn't he be teaching me to at least wonder about the potential effects of internet pornography on the nation's teenagers? And if not that, I'm pretty sure the jacket price entitles me to a few good examples of the ways in which I am not alone? No? How alarming. And how to begin to evaluate the work of an artist who does not appear to think this is his job?

When we encounter a songwriter whose work has a particular resonance for us, in order to distinguish them from bubble-gum herd, we tend to crown them 'poet' – as though this was the highest accolade possible for those working with the written word. But songwriters, even exceptional ones, are rarely poets. As Simon Armitage commented in his 2010 *Guardian* interview with Morrissey – in response to Morrissey's description of the bestowal of poet-hood upon him – 'In fact Morrissey isn't a poet . . . poets write poems, requiring no backbeat, no melody, and no performance.' As songwriters rarely give up writing for music, for writing without it, I suspect few of them would dispute this. So in this context it would also be technically incorrect to title Scott Walker a poet. Like the best songwriters his lyrics easily withstand transposition to the page but it is impossible to look at lines like:

As the grossness
of spring
lolls its head
against
the window.

As the grossness
of spring
lolls its
bloodied head,

Curare! Curare!
Curare!

from *The Drift's* 'Jolson and Jones' or *Soused's*
'Bull' which opens with:

Fire-ant-necklace.

Bump the beaky

Watch-garotted.

Bump the beaky

Bilaut-besotted.

Bump the beaky . . .

Or 'Lullaby' from the same album:

Tonight

my assistant

will hear
the canals
of Mars.

His cap
will be empty.

*Hey non-e
non-e.*

The most intimate
personal choices
and requests
central to your
personal dignity
will be sung.

without experiencing the strange panoptic shift inside that is more usually the province of poetry – and this has been achieved without listening to the track at all. So perhaps somewhere along the line Scott Walker has changed the rules. These are lyrics which, while poetic in form and effect, have never been presented by their author as such; yet their content and execution has crossed the bounds of what the music industry appears to be comfortable describing as a song any more. Simply put, Scott Walker's work does not fit. Precariously perched, as it is, on the very farthest point of the avant-garde and just about visible from the edge of alternative rock, its utter disinterest in facilitating grand moments of the artist's own personal self-expression, or whipping his listeners into a

state of collective euphoria, seems to have made it the unsolvable conundrum of the music world. In literary terms it answers Ezra Pound's rallying cry, 'Make it new!', and although much of the language has been built to conjure personalities at odds with their surrounds in both time and space, it isn't straight Modernism either. Postmodernism fares no better because the work does not engage with literature or history in order to provide itself with an intellectual safety net and, however enjoyable the wit of much of the writing, there's no doubt that it is deeply felt, every single word. This is not to say Walker is without influences of course – no writer is – but his work has become that rarest of things: the unmistakeable creature of its creator, wholly original and, therefore, an experience unlike any other.

For me it is utterly fascinating, but also quite tricky, to write about because it's impossible to see how it's made. The diverse threads of Walker's interest appear to have been studied and then left to slowly absorb into the imaginary landscape until the right moment is found for them to be reassembled into a greater view. Perhaps this is how all writing is made but not all writing succeeds in slipping the traces of its own components to truly become something of art or vision. And this *is* work of vision, scale, deep thought, deep emotion and much – if often distressed – humanity. It has become more than either the word 'song' or 'poem' can comfortably

encompass. This commixture of forms, along with Walker's eschewal of the modern role of 'artist as object' in favour of the more medieval tradition of 'artist as conduit', invariably leads to some consternation and much enthusiastic debate whenever a new album appears. While this is not proof of his work's inherent value – that value being easily proved to anyone willing to take the time to properly engage with it – it does suggest that he has succeeded in creating a crack in our increasingly commodified artistic culture which many of us would like to see open up.

There is so much that could be written about the unusual career of Scott Walker: from his unforgettable singing voice to his role in introducing the work of Jacques Brel to an English-speaking audience, the ever proliferating number of artists who acknowledge his influence and the many great lyrics not included in this volume. Much has been written about the pace of his creative process and the long gaps between releases, as well as his years of meteoric stardom with the Walker Brothers. There is also much that could, and should, be written about his similarly genre-bending approach to musical composition but I am not in any way equipped to tackle that and this is not the book for those subjects. This is the first, and long overdue, collection of his lyrics and, as such, I have tried to confine myself to writing about them but, perhaps, I have ended up writing about their extraordinary effect instead. All that remains

is to say that what lies within these pages is a wonder, a pleasure, the culmination – if only to date – of a most enviable life's work. Read it, understand a little more and then go put the records on.

EIMEAR MCBRIDE

THE 60s

Duchess

It's your bicycle bells
and your Rembrandt swells.
Your children alive and still breathing.
And your look of loss
as you come
makes me feel like a thief when you're bleeding.

Duchess, Duchess
light up your candles for me.
Duchess, Duchess
put all the love back in me.

I come listening.
I touch touching.

With the Persian sea
running through your veins.
You shed your names with the seasons.

Still they all return
with their last remains
and they lay them before you like reasons.

With your shimmering dress
that says no, that says yes,
that says I've nothing left for concealing.

It's your shiftless flesh
and your old girl's grace.
It's your young girl's face

that I'm breathing.

Duchess, Duchess
light up your candles for me.
Duchess, Duchess
put all the love back in me.

I am lying. She is crying.

It's Raining Today

It's raining today
and I'm just about to forget
the train window girl.
That wonderful day
we met.
She smiles through the smoke
from my cigarette.

It's raining today
but once there was summer
and you.
And dark little rooms.
And sleep in late afternoons.
Those moments descend
on my window pane.

I've hung around too long
listening to the old landlady's
hard-luck stories.
You out of me, me out of you.
We go like lovers
to replace that empty space.
Repeat our dreams
to someone new.

It's raining today
and I watch the cellophane streets.
No hang-ups for me
'cos hang-ups need company.
The street corner girl's

a cold trembling leaf.

It's raining today.

It's raining today.

The World's Strongest Man

As the morning turned my way
sea birds flying through its hazy face
and I came back here to replace
your place in my life.

And didn't you know
that I'm not
The world's strongest man.

When it comes to you
and your world I'm lost.

Can't you see the towers
of my naked shine like a dime.
Take me back again
to your warm design.

And again, again, again.
Longing for belonging's
here again.
And I need your laugh.
And I can't pretend anymore.

And didn't you know
that I'm not
The world's strongest man.

When it comes to you
and your world I'm lost.

Can't you see the towers
of my naked shine like a dime.
Take me back again
to your warm design.

The War Is Over

Everything still.
Everything silent
as after the rain.

We lie here listening
to night close down.

Stare like a child.
Wait for the signs
to decide once again.

Just when they looked
here to stay.
We're to leave
our world, our air.
It really isn't fair.
Outside they sing
The war is over.
Raise your blinds.
The war is over.
Tell your deepest dark
goodbye.

A distant waltz
turns in the head
of an old lady's night.
Waiting hands unfold
within the dark.

Lighting her lamp.

Seeing Prince Albert,
recalling the sight,
they waltz again
through the park.

Floorboards creak
beneath the moon.
The room below
just sighs.

Outside they sing
The war is over.
Raise your blinds
The war is over.
Let me get some sleep
tonight.

Everything still.
Everything silent
As after the rain.

Still we are
after the rain.

Boy Child

You lose your way.
A boy child rides
upon your back.

Take him away
through mirrors dark
and blessed with cracks.

Through forgotten courtyards
where you used to search
for you

Old gets a new life.
Reach out you can touch
its true.

He's not a shadow of shadows
like you, you see.

Hearts hold on holding.
If you stay one.
You'll stay free.

Go seek the lady
who will give
not take away.

Naked with stillness.
On the edge of dawn
she strays.

Night starts to empty.
That's when her song
begins.

She'll make you happy.
She'll take you deep within.

Window lights for wanderers
hide hard in your swollen eyes.

Echoes of laughter
hide in the city's thighs.

Love catch these fragments
swirling through the winds of night.

What can it cost
to give a boy child back his sight?

Extensions through dimensions
leave you feeling cold and lame.

Boy child mustn't tremble'

'cos he came without a name.

July 1978

The Electrician

Baby it's slow
when lights
go low.
There's no help.
No.

Baby it's slow
when lights
go low.
There's no help.
No.

He's
drilling through
the Spiritus Sanctus
tonight.
Through
the dark hip falls
screaming,
Oh you mambos
Kill me
and
Kill me
and
Kill me.

If I
Jerk the handle
You'll die
in your dreams.

If I
Jerk the handle
Jerk the handle
You'll
thrill me
and
thrill me
and
thrill me.

Baby it's slow
when lights
go low.
There's no help.
No.

March 1984

It's a Starving

(Climate of Hunter: An Excerpt)

reflection

if he dies
in the night
listening
to the increase.

It cuts out
your likeness
in blood circulations
suspended
beneath a release.

A low volume
force feed,
lower
than pity
slips across
under the heart,

and your hostage
rewinding
from every
eclipse,
rolls in
the voltage,

run-off rain
on his lips.

TILT

8 May 1995

The Cockfighter

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT

FROM HERE TO THOSE STARS!

Feathers on the sides
of my fingers.

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT

FROM HERE TO THOSE TREMBLING
STARS!

and the feathers so
fresh.

and the nerves so
fresh.

*Do you swear
the breastbone was bare?*

*I saw it
and made my
escape.*

*Do you have any doubt
that he slept in that bed?*

*I can only repeat
I never saw him.*

Better listen
before you fly
all over your
man.

Better listen
before I spill
you in.

If you could
turn on your
side.

Move your touch
to that hip.

Easy now.

easy now.

It's a beautiful
night.

Garcia.

*A cigarette
for the prisoner.*

THAT RIBBON CRACKS LIKE THIS
ONE AND THIS ONE CRACKS LIKE
THOSE OVER THERE. AND THOSE
OVER THERE CRACK LIKE THESE
TWO—

BRINGING THOSE STRUTTERS.
BRINGING THOSE STRUTTERS.

AND THAT ONE CRACKS LIKE THESE
DO AND THESE DO JUST LIKE THIS
OVER HERE AND THIS OVER HERE . . .

and out on the rim

all the calcium planets

growing in darkness

All over the

body.

The flapping body.

Clickety click.

Clickety

click.

*I have a green light
for fifty thousand.*

It was the month

*of July.
We had more in
or going out.*

*You were responsible
for rolling stock.*

*I can only repeat
I never saw him.*

*Do you know what
happened to most
of the children?*

*She opened
the tent
to take a morsel
of air*

before the sun

came up.

*Excerpts relocated from the trials of Queen Caroline and
Adolf Eichmann.*

Farmer in the City

(Remembering Pier Paolo)

Do I hear

21?

21?

21?

I'll give you

21

21

21

Do I hear

21?

21?

21?

I'll give you

21

21

21

This night
you are mistaken.

I'm a farmer
in the city.

Dark farm houses
against the sky.

Every night
I must wonder
why.

Harness
on the left nail
keeps wrinkling,
wrinkling.

Then higher
above me-e-e s-o-o-o.
E-e-e-s-o-o-o.

Can't go by a man
from Rio.

Can't go by a man
from Vigo.

Can't go by a man
from Ostia.

Hey, Ninetto!

Remember that dream?

We talked about it
so many times.

Do I hear

21?

21?

21?

I'll give you

21

21

21

Do I hear

21?

21?

21?

I'll give you

21

21

21

And if I'm not
mistaken

we can search
from farm to farm.

Dark farm houses
against our eyes.

In the night
we will realize-

Harness
on the left nail

keeps withering,
withering.

Then higher
above us-e-e s-o-o-o
E-e-e-s-o-o-o.

Can't go by a man
in this shirt.

Can't go by a man
in that shirt.

Can't go by a man
with brain grass.

Can't go by his
long-long eye gas.

And I used to be
a citizen.

I never felt the pressure.

I knew nothing
of the horses.

Nothing
of the thresher.

Paolo,

take me with you.

It was the journey
of a life.

Do I hear

21?

21?

21?

I'll give you

21

21

21

Do I hear

21?

21?

21?

I'll give you

21

21

21

Patriot

(a single)

Ja '91'

See how
they run.

I brought nylons
from New York.

Some had butterflies.
Some had flecks.

I brought nylons
from New York.

Hard flat butterflies.
Black, black flecks.

The good news
you cannot refuse.

The bad news is
there is no news.

Tonight he'll
rise.

He'll sell his
arms
to anyone

who asks
about.

As-in-the wind.
As-in-the rain.
As-in-as-in.
As-in-without.

OH,

the

LUZ_ER_NE_R ZEITUNG.

The LUZ_ER_NE_R

ZEITUNG

never

sold out.

Never

sold

out.

Cripple fingers
hit the muezzin
yells.

Some had Columbine.
Some had flecks.

Cripple fingers
hit the rounds
of shells.

Some had clinging vine.
Some had specks.

The good news
you cannot refuse.

The bad news
is there is
no news

Tonight he'll
rise
he'll leave
these arms
to anyone
who asks
about.

As-in-the tracks
As-in-the wrists.
As-in-you been
As-in-without.

Oh
the

L^UZ^ER^NE^R

Z^EI^TU^NG

the

L^UZ^E**R**^N**E****R**

Z^EI^TU^NG

never

sold

out.

Never

sold

out.

See how it
blows

a mile
up the road.

colour of moon

it swirls and
Collects.
Unfolding and
tumbling
Up this back
road

twisting butterflies.
Swirling flecks.

17 a

r

y
a

n

u

r

y

Rosary -

i'll string along.

i'll string along.

Cum morning

my beads
on a face.

A thread.
A thong.

Oo-Wha-oo-Wha-oo
-Wha-oo.

We can save it.
We can change it.

Put it in lines
across the room.

But we'll never

stop it

bristling

And I gotta quit.

With a ribbonless
hair.

With a wire
of snare.

Oo-Wha-oo-Wha-oo
-Wha-oo.

With all of the trembling
vein

that you can
bare.

Oo-Wha-oo-Wha-oo
-Wha-oo

We can save it.
We can change it.

Put it in lines
across the room.

But we'll never
stop it pimpling

And I gotta quit.

Scrape
a little pattern

to a sty.

I kiss holes
for the bullets.

In case
of thigh.

In case
of thigh.

I kiss holes
for the bullets.

And I gotta
quit.

THE DRIFT

8 May 2006

Cossacks Are

'A moving aria
for a vanishing
style of mind.'

'A noble debut
tackling vertiginous
demands.'

'Has absence ever
sounded so eloquent
so sad
I doubt it?'

With an arm
across the
torso,

Face on
the nails.

With an arm
across the
torso,

Face on
the pale
monkey
nails.

'Touching in the
shattered lives
it unearths.'

'A nocturne
filled with
glorious ideas.'

'A chilling exploration
of erotic consumption.'

With an arm
across the
torso,

Face on
the nails.

With an arm
across the
torso,

Face on
the pale
monkey
nails.

Cossacks are
charging in.

Charging into
fields of
white roses.

Cossacks are
charging in.

Charging into
fields of
white roses.

'That's a
nice suit.'

'That's a
swanky suit.'

'Been a pope
like no other.'

*'I'm looking
for a good
cowboy.'*

'A rare outcry
makes you lead
a larger life.'

'You could easily
picture this in
the current top
ten.'

'Medieval savagery.
Calculated cruelty.'

'It's hard to pick
the worst moment.'

'It's hard to pick
the worst moment.'

With an arm
across the
torso,

Face on
the nails.

With an arm
across the
torso,

Face
on the pale
monkey
nails.

Clara

(Benito's Dream)

Birds.

Birds.

This is not
a cornhusk
doll

dipped in
blood
in the
moonlight

Like what
happen
in America.

This is us

our eyesides
snagged

dipped in
mob
in the
daylight

Like what
happen
in America.

The breasts are
still heavy.

The legs long
and straight.

The upper lip
remains short.

The teeth
are too small.

The eyeside
is green.

The hair
long and black.

Still coming
through.

Still coming
through.

She knows
this room

She can
navigate it
in the dark.

She entered
the Palazzo
at night

by a side
door

to ascend
in a lift
to the upper
floor.

She lies on
the bed

Looking up
not yet seeing

the signs
of the zodiac
painted in gold
on the blue
vaulted ceiling.

His enormous eyes
as he arrives

Coming nearer
in the surrounding
darkness.

His strange beliefs
about the moon,

Its influence
upon men
of affairs.

The danger
of its cold
light
on your face
while you
were sleeping.

She'll eclipse
it with her
head.

Stroke him
until he
sleeps.

Until he has
nothing to do
among men
of affairs.

Sometime
Before dawn

Her bare feet
cross the floor.

She gazes from
the window

At the fountain
in the courtyard.

*'Sometimes
I feel like*

*a swallow.
A swallow -
which by
some
mistake
has gotten
into an
attic
and knocks
its head
against
the walls
in terror.'*

This is not
a rabbit
skinned

with a body
of silver

Like what
happen
in America.

This is not
a terrapin

with its shell
torn away

Like what
happen
in America.

The breasts are
still heavy.

The legs long
and straight.

The upper lip
remains short.

The teeth
still too small.

The eyeside
is green.

The hair
long and black.

Still coming
through.

Still coming
through.

The mood
soon changed

in the clear
morning air.

A man
came up
towards
the body

and poked it
with a stick.

It rocked stiffly

and twisted around
at the end
of the rope.

FINER THAN A HAIR
FROM EVERY SIDE!

FINER THAN A
HAIR!

Birds.

Birds.

This is just
a cornhusk
doll

dipped in
blood

in the
moonlight.

This is just
a cornhusk
doll.

This morning

in my room
a little swallow
was trapped.

It flew around
desperately
until it
fell
exhausted on
my bed.

I picked it
up

so as not
to frighten
it

I opened
the window.

Then I
opened

my hand.

On 28 April 1945 Benito Mussolini was taken for execution by members of the committee of National Liberation for Northern Italy. Claretta Petacci insisted on dying with him. They were shot, the bodies piled into a truck and taken to the Piazzale Loreto in Milan to be strung up by the heels side by side, their heads about six feet from the ground. They were mocked, vilified and riddled with bullets by the crowd that had gathered.

Jesse

(September song)

In times of loneliness and despair, Elvis Presley would talk to
his stillborn twin brother Jesse Garon Presley.

Nose holes
caked
in black
cocaine.

Pow! Pow!

No one
holds
a match
to your
skin.

Pow! Pow!

No dupe.
No chiming

a way
off.
Miles
off.

No needle
through a
glove.

Famine is
a tall
tall
tower.

A building
left
in the
night.

Jesse
are you
listening?

It casts
its ruins
in shadows

under
Memphis
moonlight.

Jesse
are you
listening?

Six feet
of
foetus-

flung

at sparrows
in the

sky

Pow! Pow!

put yourself
in my
shoes.

Pow! Pow!

A kiss –
– wet –
– muzzle,

A clouded
Eye.

No stars
to flush
it
out.

Famine is
a tall
tall
tower.

A building
left
in the
night.

Jesse
are you

listening?

It casts
its ruins
in shadows

under
Memphis
Moonlight.

Jesse
are you
listening?

Jesse?

Pow! Pow!

In the dream

I am crawling
around on my
hands and knees
smoothing out
the prairie.

All the dents
and the gouges

and the winds
dying down.

I lower

my head,

press my
ear
to the
prairie.

ALIVE!

I'm the
only
one

left
alive.

I'm the
only
one

left
alive.

I'm the
only
one

left
alive.

Alive!

I'm the
only

one
left
alive.

I'm the
only
one

left
alive.

I'm the
only
one

left
alive.

Jolson and Jones

As the grossness
of spring
lolls its head
against
the window.

As the grossness
of spring
lolls its
bloodied head,

Curare! Curare!
Curare!

Brogue cries
from the street,

Curare! Curare!

As the grossness
of spring
rose
a tumour
balloon
to squeak
against the
window.

With the grossness
of spring

staining into
the walls.

The chair had
been shifted
ever so slightly
say
five feet or
two centimetres.

The prints of
my fingers
dusted from
doorknobs

A lamp had
been dimmed.

Some sawdust
where a ring
had been.

Where nice girls
were turned into
whores.

Gardens with
fountains
where peacocks
had strutted.

Where dead
children were
born.

The splendour
of tigers turning
to gold in
the desert.

Pale meadows
of stranded
pyramids.

Sonny boy,
such a
Sonny boy,
there's a
song in
the air.

Curare!
Curare! Curare!

But the fair
senorita
don't seem
to care,

Curare!
Curare! Curare!

As the grossness
of spring
lolls its head
against
the window.

As the grossness

of spring
lolls its
bloodied head.

I merely
got up
so slowly.

Shuffled across
the floor.

Closed the
door on the
landing,

descending
the stairs.

*(Sound of footsteps beginning to endlessly descend
stairs beyond completion of song.)*

Dipping into
the street,

the paralysed
street.

Brogue says,

'Good afternoon!'

I say,

'Good afternoon!'

'It's a lovely
afternoon,' -

'Yes.
It's a lovely
afternoon,'

Into pockets
unstitching
so weighted
with pins.

Into eyes
imploding
on mazes
of sins.

The puddle
beneath the
cork -

- bobbing
on a mild
chop that
rolled in
off the
River Dix
and the
open water
beyond.

Brogue says,

'T'LL PUNCH
A DONKEY
IN THE
STREETS OF
GALWAY!'

Then me,

'T'LL PUNCH
A DONKEY
IN THE
STREETS
OF GALWAY!'

Brogue,

'T'LL PUNCH
A DONKEY
IN THE
STREETS
OF GALWAY!'

'T'LL PUNCH
A DONKEY
IN THE
STREETS
OF GALWAY!'

Sonny boy,
such a
Sonny boy,
in her
voice
there's a

flaw,

Curare!

Curare! Curare!

Sonny boy,

bye bye

Sonny boy.

E-e-aw

and

e-e-aw.

Cue

(Flugleman)

What do
Seoul /
Sudan
have in
common?

Both start
with an S.

Deep
as a
virus

– little Mary –
– little Mary –

From
scratchless
I ascend.

Stamps
tongue –
– swabbed

now
embark
for the
Ivory
Coast –

– chiming
like
mouse
bells,

BAM BAM
BAM BAM

BAM BAM
BAM BAM

at the
birth
of a
vermin
Holy
Ghost.

Stars led
to sky.

Lash led
to eye.

Herpes
to clit,

then
stopped.

Expect

I'm carried
by lanterns.

Expect

I will
follow
the
aerosol
patterns.

Immunity

won't feed
on the
bodies.

Bones
closing –

– too
soon
at the
tips

won't feed
on the
bodies.

From the
fat black
crocodile
on
the sand
bar

Can't

swallow it
then
bury it.

From the
voice
flooded
semen
clotting
to
paste

Can't
swallow it
then
bury it.

And the
jigger
raps pits

darkness long.

jigger
raps pits

BAM BAM
BAM BAM

BAM BAM
BAM BAM.

Shoes led
to shine.

Splicing
to swine.

Strain after
strain after
strain after
strain.

Immunity

Immunity

Through the
dormant wards
and nurseries

a flugleman
moves.

In the lung
smeared slides
and corridors

a flugleman
moves.

And his
tune rises
on the
harvest
clouds of
dust,

Trading

the
wah-wahs
for

BAM BAM
BAM BAM

BAM BAM
BAM BAM.

Stars led
to sky.

Toe led
to thigh.

Tumour
to breast,

then
stopped.

Hand Me Ups

Mend, amend.

Bring and rub.
Beat the band,

I tried.
I tried.

Shrugged off
the
splintering white
bone.

Teeth shaken
out with
a stroke.

Brain running
down along
spear
from the wound
in the
eye hole.

Stones pounding
in past
the screens
past
the shields.

I felt
the nail
driving
into my
foot,
while I
felt the
nail
driving
into my
hand.

Rub a dub.
God and
Bring.

Beat the band.
I tried.
I tried.

What?

when you
can't hear
the
bleating
all night

Else he's
strumming
the springs
of his
cot.

When?

what you
can't see
is her
tiny mouth
squealing and
shrieking with
laughter.

Dispensing

with each
little toe.

Each little
finger.

Let them
whirl away
into the
darkness.

The pee-
pee soaked
trousers.

The torn
muddied
dress.

No *ankles*
at the gates
at dusk

ever
caught the -
dawning.

*(Sound of a single pair
of hands clapping)*

The audience
is waiting.

Its audience
is waiting.

Its audience
is waiting.

Its audience
is waiting.

No Fado
live
from last
year's
winning
country.

Twelve
bunnies
in a
hutch
for nine
new
weeks.

The audience
is waiting.

Its audience
is waiting.

Its audience
is waiting.

Its audience
is waiting

and it
will catch
my toes.

It will
catch my
fingers.

The pee-
pee soaked
trousers.

The torn
muddied
dress

Forever and
ever.

Forever and
ever.

Forever and
ever.

Mend, amend.

Bring and rub.
Beat the band,

I tried.
I tried.

Shrugged off
the
splintering white
bone.

Teeth shaken
out with
a stroke.

Brain running
down along
spear
from the wound
in the
eye hole.

Stones pounding
in past
the screens,
past
the shields.

I felt
the nail
driving
into my
foot,
while I
felt the
nail
driving
into my
hand.

The Escape

(thank you Mr K)

The car
in front
follows
the long
way around.

Prey moves
predator moves.

Foreshortened
angels
hunting me
down.

Halle – halle – halle.

Underkill –

sticks in gullets.

Overkill –

is personal
too many
bullets.

Rabbi crater
keyed for action
hits the marks.

*I wish I was
in Dixie.*

Sleet switches
silence
to the shredding
of larks.

Serifot.

Combs of honey.

Kelippot.

Salivas coating
balls of money.

You and me
against the
world.

You and me
against the
world.

You and me
against the
world.

World about
to end.
World about
to end.

World about
to end. -

Wind-blown hair
in a windowless
room.

A lifeline
of knuckles -

waddles into
the afternoon.

Look into
its eyes.

It will
look into
your eyes.

*(Donald Duck voice repeating
'What's up, Doc?')*

Buzzers

(Faces of the grass)

'Milošević couldn't care less if Bosnia was recognised,' a laughing Dr Karadžić later told a television interviewer. He said, 'Caligula proclaimed his horse senator but the horse never took his seat . . .'

Polish
the fork
and stick
the fork
in him.

Polish
the fork
and stick
the fork
in him.

Shinier
still and
stick the
fork in
him.

He's done,
Boys.
He's done,
Boys.

Where will

you sleep
my
stomach,

my second
stomach
through
the trees.

Handicapped,

buzzing
out on the
Steppes.

Spooking
yourself
in the
breeze.

Somebody
dies
somebody
don't shave –

ruminating
the slimy
stars.

Polish
the fork
and stick
the fork
in him.

Kad tad – Kad
tad – Kad tad

Polish
it more
and stick
the fork
in him.

Kad tad – Kad
tad – Kad tad

Shinier
still
and stick
the fork
in him.

He's done,
Boys.
He's done,
Boys.

*Faces of the grass go-l-e-n-g-t-h-e-n-i-n-g-(oor)-the-l-e-n-g-
f-a-c-e-s-l-e-n-g-t-h-e-n go l-e-n-g-t-h-e-n-i-n-g-f-a-c-e-s i
the grass with buried heads they stand in full view eyes slidin
up the f-a-c-e-s-go-l-e-n-g-t-h-e-n-i-n-g-faces eyes are slidi*

Polish
the fork
and stick
the fork
in him.

n-e-n-i-n-g-f-a-c-e-s through the ice and the sun (oor)
to l-e-n-g-t-h-e-n- i-n-g-f-a-c-e-s-from the branch to
of the faces up and up slide up the faces ice and sun and
g above the tall and peaceful grass . . .

Kad tad – Kad
tad – Kad tad

Polish
the fork
and stick
the fork
in him.

Kad tad – Kad
tad – Kad tad

Shinier
still
and stick
the fork
in him.

He's done,
Boys.
He's done,
Boys.

A Lover Loves

Corneas misted.

Psst, Psst.

Psst, Psst.

Colour high.

Psst, Psst.

Psst.

Motionless –

Psst, Psst.

Psst, Psst.

– for seconds
at a time.

A hand
that is
cold,
in another
colder.

Psst, Psst.

Psst.

And everything –

Psst, Psst.

Psst, Psst.

– within reach.

This is
a waltz
for a
dodo.
A samba
for Bambi.
Gavotte
for the
Kaiser.
Bolero
For Beuys.
A reel
For Red
Rosa.
A polka
for
Tintin.

Corneas misted.
Psst, Psst.
Psst.

Colour high.
Psst, Psst.
Psst, Psst.

Motionless –

Psst, Psst.
Psst, Psst.

– for seconds
at a time.

One hand
that is
cold,
in another
colder –
Psst, Psst.
Psst.

– and everything
within reach.

BISH BOSCH

3 *December* 2012

See You Don't Bump His Head

While plucking feathers
from a swan song,

Spring might gently
press its thumbs
against your eyes.

While plucking feathers
from a swan song,

a cobweb melts
within a womb.

While plucking feathers
from a swan song,

an incontinent
is singing Scarpia.

While plucking feathers
from a swan song,

While plucking feathers
from a swan song,

a mythic instance
of erotic impulse –

While plucking feathers

from a swan song,

– is slipping under
a surefire sign.

While plucking feathers
from a swan song,

bdelloid rotifers
join the
chitterling circuit.

While plucking feathers
from a swan song.

While plucking feathers
from a swan song,

shit might pretzel
Christ's intestines.

While plucking feathers
from a swan song,

being crushed
from the inside
out.

While plucking feathers
from a swan song,

on the snow
'Rummy' flaunts

his unmanly
dribble.

While plucking feathers
from a swan song.

While plucking feathers
from a swan song,

a tiny laugh
dirties everything
it touches.

While plucking feathers
from a swan song,

night stops dripping
through the stars.

While plucking feathers
from a swan song,

blast the sheet
of jewels
horizon to horizon.

While plucking feathers
from a swan song.

Montgomery Clift's missing line that was cut from the scene in *From Here to Eternity*, where he's cautioning soldiers who are placing the dead Maggio (Frank Sinatra) in the truck.

Corps De Blah

Hence

went

and cracked

an atom age

old egg

beneath my nose,

The sky-clads ash

with jettisoning the roost.

I'm bumping into leghorns in the darkness.

Excuse me.

Dear god, excuse me.

Accrue

too

flew

and

burned my teeth

with kitchen matches

struck on stone.

Boiling owls shriek

Arab widow flayed

cadenzas.

I'm wading through
blue, vacant veins
of Sterzing.

The Chiseller
keeps
slipping away.

Cholesteroled mansions
crowded with sulphured air,

dip to

Kyrie's lone whistler
in the shadows.

Scimitar sideburn,
charging
on the purple
purlieus,

scrape to

Goitres grey carnation
through the stubble.

Epicanthic knobbler
of ninon,

arch to

Macaronic mahout
in the mascon.

Ah, my old
Scabby Sachem,
a sphincter's tooting our tune.

If only 'I'
could pick you.

We'd slosh, we'd slide,
we'd cling
round a kelloggs
floor.

His
severed,
yellow-eyes
weeping-

DA-DA-DA,
DA-DA-DA.

from the
spit-roast smoke
curling.

DA-DA-DA
DA-DA-DA.

'RACK OFF!
from this ravished
slather!'

'Keep your
vile rattus
small adult

hand
to yourself.'

'Take your
turnshoes
and wobble.'

'Turnshoes
and wobble.'

Jihad jive
lobs-
leaking beanbag
through a cut-out clown's
astonished mouth.

Shrivelled pods climb to the sun
beneath your skirts.

Then suddenly,

there's hissing
on the gumbo.

I'm drowning
in
yonical tears.

Grinding upheaval
always affects the genitals,

sniff to

Breaths bereft Mannhattans
in the Duma.

Unleavened
bread-head,

the window behind,
alive,
with wheeze-driven flakes,

bob to

Rotting grapes bunch brooch
on chest of bruises.

Nothing clears a room
like removing a brain,

hail

The rain

hail

The rain

hail

The rain.

Ah, my sweet Sagamore wino,
face full
of drunken ticks,

if only I
could sip you.

Like flies
sip
at wide eyes,

on a desert floor.

We could move to the sticks.
Say
Earls Court
or
Embankment.

While the Thames flows black as camel piss,

let the icy thermals
dervish
around our feet.

Dare,
step out on me,
I'll step out on
you.

Dare,
step out on me,
I'll step out on
you

Bish Bosch,
and what more
are depositions

for?

Eukaryotic
gobbler of gavotte,

knee to

Deafening tiny feet
upon the branches.

Altair, Vega, Drogba
and Deneb,

doff to

dentist's stoop
of moon
above the haunches.

Sealable nostrils
squeezed through
eye
of coupling
pin,

heil to

Ober-bearing night
starting to smoulder.

First fiddlers
mark,
right there,
under the

jaw, -

nod to

Double-bladed axe
poised
over shoulder.

Phrasing

Pain is not alone.
P-a-i-n is n-o-t alone.
Pain is not a-l-o-n-e.
P-a-i-n i-s not alone.

Neath a protein moon
in a protein sky,
running protein fields
with my protein eye.

There's a protein song
howling through
the meat.
Driving protein bods
from my protein street.

P-a-i-n i-s n-o-t alone.
Pain is not a-l-o-n-e.
Pain is not alone.
P-a-i-n i-s n-o-t a-l-o-n-e.

From the south
the Klan sends
roses.

Lymph-lacquered nails hover
in waifed

autumn sun

for dragging down
the back
of summer.

From the east
come killer
poses.

Khrushchev's shoe
beats a black
tattoo

in the middle
of the day.

From the north
flow floats
with quivering
virgins,

fresh from frozen
catacombs.

Did ya spot
the die-cut
crosses?

Did ya?

Did ya?

Pain is not alone.
P-a-i-n is not alone.
Pain i-s not a-l-o-n-e.
P-a-i-n is n-o-t alone.

Neath a protein moon
in a protein sky,
running protein fields
with my protein eye.

Here's to a lousy life.
Here's to a lousy life.
Here's to a lousy life.
Here's to a lousy life.

SDSS 1416+13B

(Zercon, a Flagpole sitter)

This is my job,
I don't come around and put out
your red light when you work.

Silence

What's the matter,
didn't you get enough attention at home?

Silence

If shit were music,
you'd be a brass band.

Silence

Know what?
You should get an agent,
why sit in the dark
handling yourself.

For Lavinia

who goes like
gynozoon.

IX I V
IX III V I

For the citizen
whose joke lays
in their hand.

I V I
V IX IX III

To play fugues
on Jove's
Spam castanets.

V IX IX
I VI IX I

Cattle are slaughtered,

Entrails examined,

spread out across the moon.

The Tisza is rising,
topless bars overflowing,
pulsing through the flumes.

Drop-kicked coloraturas
fouling my ears,
bypassing

an anorexic sky and-
-scar jumping grafters,
chorion-crying.

How can you stoop
so high?

For Papiria
who plops
the Pantheon.

IV VI IX
V I IX I

For grosse Gauls
who won't leave
our sheep alone.

V I VII
IX I IX I

Norsemen!
DO NOT!
eat the big pink mint.

Flush hard,
it's a long way to Athens.

Gone

from your wooden palace.

The wild mice pelt clothes

slipped from my toes

where termites
scribble the walls.

Twisted forth,
and gone,
'Little father',

The 'snip' off your
nine-ninety-nine,

from where you groomed
yourself too small.

No more
dragging this wormy anus
round on shag piles from
Persia to Thrace.

I've severed
my reeking gonads,

fed them to your
shrunken face.

Janus head
it's said,
will give good door.

IX IX V
IX I IX I

For a Roman who's proof
that Greeks fucked bears.

V V IX
VII V IV I

Heard this one?

This'll kill ya,

about the ropes of hair
care of
Venus the Bald
tugging Mercs across the plain.

Those measuring road-rashed bellies
à perte de vue to me
night and day.

The one
about the saint

stranded high
upon his pillar.

Thirty summers,
Thirty winters,

his constant visitor,
his mother.

But he'd stare into the distance,
ignored her calls from down
below . . .

'DID YOU EVER THROW YOUR OWN
MOTHER'S FOOD BACK AT HER?!'

'DID YOU EVER TELL HER,
TAKE THIS JUNK AWAY?!'

'WHAT KIND OF UNNATURAL SON
WOULD DO THAT TO HIS OWN
MOTHER?!'

... The tasteless one
about the bantam
who couldn't climb a rung.

Your Helipolis is scrapheap.
Gone,
the brown slug
of your tongue.

For eunuch Ron
who sleeps at night
across the emperor's
bedroom door.

III V IX
IX I V I

Groستulating-Gorbi
requires fresh packing.

II IX V
I IV IX I

OVER,
it's over,

Syrinx screaming
all around,

BAR! BAR! BAR!
BAR! BAR!

BAR! BAR! BAR!
BAR! BAR!BAR!

Aquil-Aetos!
Aquil-Aetos!

screaming all around,

Filling up my life,

screaming all around.

BAR! BAR! BAR!
BAR! BAR!

BAR! BAR! BAR!
BAR! BAR!

OVER,
it's over,

your Nibelung
can't be found.

Their shadowless

shadows,

wiping me.

Wiping me clean
away.

BAR! BAR! BAR!
BAR! BAR!

BAR! BAR! BAR!
BAR! BAR! BAR!

Where's

the scent of pine torches,
the lumbering caravans,

the felt-covered wagons, moving like galleons?

The 'wedgie', the 'melvy' to threaten the air?

Only fledge muffled
long hollow bone-drums
a-beating.

The dark day behind us,
the dark day ahead

the wind drone across
skull goblets.

THEN,

Basel-cum-Strasbourg-cum-Frankfurt-cum-
Speyer-cum . . .

I hear the only place you're ever invited
is outside.

Silence

If brains were rain, you'd surely
be a desert.

Silence

Look, don't go to a mind reader,
go to a palmist
I know you've got a palm.

Silence

Does your face hurt?
cuz it's killing me.

CUT

to

Lost Lumbago City.

I am perched
against the sky.

A banner shoal of sparrows
sways in the twilight.

Down there,
as
ish kabibbles
schlepp the shade
forever,

earth's hoary
fontenelle
weeps softly
for a
thumb thrust.

A chorus of threadbare
black-stockinged legs
is fanning out
into a frazzled black
rose.

No
phalanxes fleeing
like zippers of blood,

red plumes nodding

between the horses'
ears.

HEY BUDDY!

GIVE IT UP!

HEY PAL!
COME DOWN!
JOIN THE LIVING!

WANTED!

A LISPING, HOBBLING, NOSELESS
RUNT!
Phone IX IX IX
IX IX IX I.

REMEMBER:

'SOMEDAY YOU'LL GO FAR
IF YOU CATCH THE RIGHT
TRAIN'?

HOW ABOUT,

'YOU'RE SO FAT,
WHEN YOU WEAR A YELLOW
RAINCOAT, PEOPLE SCREAM
'TAXI'?'

THEN THERE'S,

'YOU'RE SO BORING
THAT YOU CAN'T EVEN ENTERTAIN
DOUBT'.

I'll grease
this pole
behind me.

Grease this pole
behind me.

Grease this pole.

Grease this pole.

There's an unfinished rumour
doing the rounds.

It seems the storks are seen
returning to the rooftops.

Carrying back their children.
Clacking like dried palms.

Loud enough to be heard
from Reims to Orleans.

River banks are cleared.
Bridges retaken.

Oblivion,

driven from the city
street by street.

So why
have screams of laughter,

the pissing stench
of mares-milk beer

come to bait
your toad down
from his toadstool?

And if
I'm melancholic.
And if
I shed a tear . . .

'Don't forget to blink,
lest your eyeballs dry up, fall out
of their sockets and dangle on your
cheeks like Caesar's shrivelled
coglione'.

. . . it's when I hear
a sawed-off coffin rolls
beneath the Tisza

HEY BAR!

Ah, my noblest music.

HEY!
BAR! BAR! BAR!
HEY BAR! BAR!
BAR! BAR!

I'll grease
this pole
behind me.

Grease this
pole behind
me.

Grease this
pole . . .

Grease this
po . . .

OVER,
it's over,

but where's
the electrons

squeezing all around?

Burning up
my life.

Squeezing all around.

OVER,
it's over,

Only freezing
all around.

I greased
that pole
behind me.

Greased
that pole
behind me.

Your Nibelung
can't be found.

I've looked high and low for you,
I guess I didn't look low enough.

Don't move,
I want to forget you just the way
you are.

I really hope your face clears up.

You know;

I think you've got
nothing there.

Infrared, infrared.

I could
drop

into
the
darkness.

It's so cold,

Infrared.

What if
I freeze,

and
drop

into
the
darkness?

In the spring of 449, the historian Priscus writes of being part of a group of high-level envoys who'd been dispatched from Rome on a goodwill mission to the court of Attila the Hun. He reports back of attending a banquet where the main entertainment of the evening was a stuttering, lisping, Moorish dwarf jester called Zercon who the Huns found to be hilarious. He had two holes where a nose should be, and

hobbled around on deformed feet. He had had the sense to turn these deficiencies into assets and became a living legend.

Attila derives from Atta; Father in both Turkish and Gothic plus a diminutive -ila; it means 'Little Father'.

For Romans and Barbarians alike, storks were portentous creatures.

In the fortress town of Aquileia a temple had been built to 'Venus the Bald' to honour its women who donated their hair to make ropes for the town's machinery in the fight against the rebel Maximin.

The word Barbarian derives from the incomprehensible bar-bar-bar noises outsiders made in lieu of language – an expression of snobbery and elitism.

Flagpole-sitting was a fad in the early twentieth century. The fad was begun by a former sailor Alvin 'Shipwreck' Kelly, who sat on a flagpole either to dare a friend, or as a publicity stunt. His sit lasted 13 hours and 13 minutes. It soon became a fad, with other contestants setting records of 12, 17 and 21 days.

'DID YOU EVER THROW ...' to '... HIS OWN MOTHER?!' quote attributed to Louis B Mayer.

30 January 2010

'Star-struck astronomers from the University of Hertfordshire have discovered what is possibly the coolest sub-stellar body ever found outside the solar system. The discovery, a so-called "Brown Dwarf" known as SDSS1416+13B, has an estimated temperature of 500 Kelvin, or 227 degrees Celsius.'

Epizootics!

Maman Neigho was frightened by Hawaiians,
When all the veins ran out.

When too much bone structure went missing,
she thumbbed the galleon *Cacafuego*.

Forsook the eyebrows climbing
into greasy black hairlines.
Narcrotic leis,
yanked down around melanomaed ankles.

Their putrid petals dropping,
erasing the white shoes,

like a face being eaten
by a jungle.

Slabs of steam tables
whiffing of onions and roses.
Haunted Jacuzzis churning.

All night the native bods squealing B flat,
like choirs of pigs
seeking revenge for stolen insulin.

Blip,
boost,

bust,
 brother.

That's how we copped a final,
reached this city without sound.

Everywhere you turn,
 bunkers of rubber hoses pronging
up,
 off the city's floor.

Chirp,
 chime, clambake,

 cups.

Don't step on that rotting tartare.

Just might bust your konk.

 Might lay your racket.

 Early black ickaroo.

It's dense. Tense.

Unseen through, pound for pound.

All the people, on the corners,
pushing each other around.

Humping like buggers.

Touching like muggers.

Pushing each other around.

Adepocere in a zoot,

sloshing,
karat,

ballooning down the street.

Thousand kilos simpy.
forty stone send.

Tips his skypiece,
come to weigh me up.

But I'm toned.
Gut bucket.

Ground grippers ready to trilly.

Layin' down iron.
toggled to the bricks...

SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH ...

Let's add a little shade.
Try something apart from the hogshair.

While Pope Julius affects his red slippers,
let Michelangelo tip-toe around
in his dogskin boots.

SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH . . .

The powder on a chalky bosom rises
and hangs in the air.

Clouds crawling through protracted blue,
like souls of insects.

From threshing haze,
the scent of spider lilies.

Sam P's
bagged decapitation rotates
to the ocean floor,

its nostrils
are twitching and sniffing.

Gabriel's, gravy,

got your glasses on,

gate.

There's some mezz glimmers,

a gammon V8.

Twisters in the slammer.
Frisking their whiskers,

till peola dim,
on the chime of black.

It's dense. Tense.

Unseen through, pound for pound.

Scratch and Jesus, on the corner,
pushing each other around.

Shoving like sluggers.
Touching like muggers.

Pushing each other around.

Snapping their caps.
Slidin' their jibs.

Lampin' the breees.
Drapin' the trees.

Oops, pardon the elbow.

Let's just shift you over here.

Sorry,
I'm so clumsy.

Take that accidentally in the bollocks for a start.

Seven brights jumped in port,
reached this city without sound.

Kopasetic, on the corners,
pushing each other around.

Everybody on the corners,
pushing each other around.

Joe below,

Hincty dicty.

Slipped the pounders.

Fews and two.

Knock me.

Boot me,

down in the land of darkness.

Sweet Leilani,
heavenly flower.

Dimple

November in July.

Eyes glistening
in darkness,

like freshly
crushed flies.

Fourteen bones
held together
by avian phlegm.

When
the whistling
has ended,

I won't stale
again.

Slurry soul.
Unbearable
clink

fraying through
tartared chink,

Took the Dorgi,
left the dent-

frozen fast

in the
sagging night.

4/4 of silence
5/4 of shame.

When
the sneezing's
subsided,

I won't stare
again.

INK, A DINK A DINK—

Hej do, hej do

A DINK A DINK A
DINK A DOO.

Hej do, hej do

Jutland is crooning
narcrotic Lorilies.

Ingen...ingenting.
Ingen...ingenting.

Awaiting command,
its huge snout-

wedged between

my thighs.

Ingen...ingenting.

Ingen...ingenting.

INK, A DINK A DINK-

Hej do, hej do

A DINK A DINK A

DINK A DOO.

Hej do, hej do

Jutland is *hvining*

while stars fall

in thuds,

Ingen . . . ingenting.

Ingen . . . ingenting.

flattening

the cheek,

like soft

muffled scuds.

Ingen . . . ingenting.

Ingen . . . ingenting.

Tongues lick

the lead Lego,

they won't be
denied.

If you're listening
to this,

you must have
survived.

My only *pige*
passed
your only *dreng*

in Jutland's
sheer city.

Farvel, farvel

November in July

Aropolis lip
to where
acid-fast
fly.

Crepey
and shiny.

guanine restrain.

While out
lifting scalp,

I will not
glare again.

Took the shilling,
ditched
the score,

frozen fast

in the
lowering
night.

In the
lowering
left-testicle
night.

Tar

Flat nose whistle
goes up ahead.

Up ahead

on the
El Greco
grunt-

God creates man
and then animals.

Bilge!

God creates animals
and then man.

Jackaroo
in the slew.

— let its tinnitustic needles
sew back shadow.

She holds a baby
made of towels
up ahead.

Up ahead

on the
baleen
bronchial –

Jacob's offspring
in Egypt totalled
seventy.

Hogwash!

Jacob's offspring
in Egypt totalled
seventy-five.

Contritio/Attritio.

– let the leashes strain
sustain those
jaw-joints surging.

Aw-shucks.
Aw-Gee.

The Porter sticks
with the
Porter's dreams.

(Shoot to a wing-tip pawing the ground.)

I wouldn't trust him not to dance
a drachma across his knuckles.

Twenty-seven inches
from heel to heel –

Lardie, Lardie, Lardie.

– while every skin is raised.
While every eye was grazed.

Thrushy-tongue
lolling
up ahead.

Up ahead

on the
sarcomere
stump-

The women came
to the tomb
at dawn.

Booty chatter!

The women came
when the sun
had risen.

Laps/Relapse.

– let this throat's
Colombian Necktie-
choke that Franglais.

Flat nose whistle
goes up ahead.

Up ahead

on the
Pilates punk.

The righteous
shall flourish
like a palm tree.

GTFO!

The righteous
shall perish
and no man
layeth it to heart.

I swerved
away
into the dark.

Forty-five inches
from heel to heel...

Forty-five inches
from heel to heel...

There
but for
the grace
of god
goes
God.

Pilgrim

Heya, heya, heya, heya.
Heya, heya, heya, heya.

Room full of mice.
Room full of mice.
Room full of mice.
Room full of mice.

Heya, heya, heya, heya.
Heya, heya, heya, heya.

Room full of mice.
Room full of mice.
Room full of mice.
Room full of mice.

Blowing up bullfrogs
with a straw.
Blowing up bullfrogs
with a straw.
Blowing up bullfrogs
with a straw.
Staring
into their eyes
just before they
burst.

Heya, heya, heya, heya.
Heya, heya, heya, heya.

Room full of mice.
Room full of mice.
Room full of mice.
Room full of mice.

Heya, heya, heya, heya.
Heya, heya, heya, heya.

Room full of mice.
Room full of mice.
Room full of mice.
Room full of mice.

No ear, two tails,
one eye, three
toes.

No ear, two tails,
one eye, three
toes.

No ear, two tails,
one eye, three
toes.

The Day the 'Conducator' Died

(An Xmas song)

I am nurturant, compassionate,
caring.

- ☐ Not so much.
- ☐ Very much.

I am out-going/socially
active.

- ☐ Not so much.
- ☐ Very much.

My ideal partner
should be assertive.

- ☐ Not so much.
- ☐ Very much.

And nobody
waited for
fire.

Nobody
waited for
fire.

Nobody
waited for
fire.

And nobody
waited for
fire.

Nobody
waited for
fire.

Nobody
waited for
fire.

Most of the chaos in
my life is caused by

- Internal factors.
- External factors.

Faced with decision
I am most likely to

- Pick and choose
quickly.
- Explore all options.

If I were a garden
I would most resemble

- A wildflower garden.
- An English garden.

And nobody
waited for
fire.

Nobody
waited for
fire.

Nobody
waited for
fire.

And nobody
waited for
fire.

Nobody
waited for
fire.

Nobody
waited for
fire.

When you turn
in your sleep,
will you roll across
the path?

When you turn
in your sleep,
will you roll?

When you turn
in your sleep,
will you roll across
the path?

When you turn
in your sleep,
will you roll?

I have control over desires
and temptations.

- ☐ Not so much.
- ☐ Very much.

I enjoy being bound
by obligations.

- ☐ Not so much.
- ☐ Very much.

*The mad dogs swarming
from her groin.*

- ☐ You noticed.
- ☐ Didn't notice.

And nobody
waited for
fire.

Nobody
waited for
fire.

Nobody
waited for
fire.

And nobody
waited for
fire.

Nobody
waited for
fire.

Nobody
waited for
fire.

'Conducator' (Leader) is the title Nicolae Ceaușescu bestowed upon himself.

SOUSED

21 October 2014

Brando

(Dwellers on the bluff)

Ah, The Wide Missouri.

Dwellers
on
the bluff.

Across
The Wide Missouri.

Never enough
No.
Never enough.

Whip-poor-will
Whip-poor-will

Scissoring high
in the trees,

A beating
would do me
a world
of good.

Sneakin by
Sneakin by

I am down
on my knees.

A beating
would do me
a world
of good.

I took it
from
Saxon.

I took it
from
Dad.

From
Fat
Johnny Friendly.

From
3 vigilantes.

I took it
for
Wild One.
And then
for
my sin.

I took it
from
Lizbeth
again
and
again.

Ah, The Wide Missouri.

Dwellers
on
the bluff.

Across
The Wide Missouri.

Never enough
No.
Never enough.

Whip-poor-will
Whip-poor-will

Scissoring high
in the trees.

A beating
would do me
a world
of good.

Sneakin by
Sneakin by

I am down
on my knees.

A beating
would do me.
A beating
would do me.

Bull

Fire-ant-necklace.

Bump the beaky

Watch-garrotted.

Bump the beaky

Bliaut-besotted.

Bump the beaky

Bump the beaky

Bump the beaky

Woke Nailed
to cross.

Bump the beaky

Could not
give toss.

Bump the beaky

Did not
feel loss.

Bump the beaky

Bump the beaky

Bump the beaky

Miss the trees?

Won't

Miss the trees.

Miss the bees?

Won't

Miss the bees.

The

Leapin'

like a
River Dancer's
nuts.

The

S-t-u-t-t-e-r-i-n-g
like a
tapir nosher's
phuts

Miss the wind?

So? . . . No banners snapping.

Miss the ashes?

We grabbed Wednesday.

Miss the sun?

Welding skin to armour!?!

*Red, then orange, then yellow,
then white.*

*Red, then orange, then yellow,
then white.*

Quilt of corpses.

Bump the beaky

Peal no
pitch drop.

Bump the beaky

Make
the swab mop.

Bump the beaky

Bump the beaky

Bump the beaky

Sagebrush Saladen.

Bump the beaky

Ramshorn
punch-perm.

Bump the beaky

Where no
worm squirm.

Bump the beaky

Bump the beaky

Bump the beaky

Keep, movin' on.
Keep, movin' on.
Keep, movin' on.
Keep, movin' on.

Custodiunt migremus.
Custodiunt migremus.
Custodiunt migremus.
Custodiunt migremus.

Raris dolor.

Bump the beaky

Inquietum dolor.

Bump the beaky

Peccatrice dolor.

Bump the beaky

Bump the beaky

Bump the beaky

What
if not her.

Shove
the moonlight.

Leave us

Nite-nite.

Bump the beaky

Bump the beaky

Bump the beaky

Herod 2014

She's hidden her babies away.

Their soft, gummy smiles
won't be gilding the menu.

The deer fly, the sand fly,
the tsetse can't find them.

The goon from the Stasi
is left far behind them.

Their delicate derma
won't witness a ray.

She's hidden her babies away.

She's hidden her babies away.

No 'Raindrops on roses'.
'Whiskers on kittens'.

They refuse to be blinded
by Rubens or Poussin.

They'll hardly be boarding
the 12:10 to Tucson.

Is she shaking them hard
in dry run cabaret?

She's hidden her babies away.

Ho, Ho, watenay

Ho, Ho, watenay

Ho, Ho, watenay

I'm closing in.

I'm closing in.

She's hidden her babies away.

And why bring them out
with no shelter on offer.

The nurseries and creches
are heaving with lush lice.

Bubonic, blue-blankets,
run ragged with church mice.

The Havana has died
in the clam-shell ashtray.

She's hidden her babies away.

She's hidden her babies away

From posed, high,
pelvic bridges.

Pearly bone
mountain ridges.

No hiccupy silence
to finger their traces.

No colicky moon
shines bright pain
on their faces.

She has slipped
through the dark
like a mother moray.

She's hidden her babies away.

Ho, Ho, watenay

Ho, Ho, watenay

Ho, Ho, watenay

I'm closing in.

I'm closing in.

I've come searching,
from far and away.

A r-e-a-c-h-i-n-g, L-o-n-g-A-r-m-e-d
vet ape
feeling hard for a breech birth.

I gaze up at the night,
at the asterisk's blazing,

till they straighten,
and like tiny spines,
fall to earth.

I bite down on this,
as I dance
and I pray.

She's hidden her babies away.

Fetish

(Flip 'n' Zip)

Red, blade points
knife the air.

All night
he sees it

Constellating
his thought.

Acne on
a leper.

Red, blade points
disappear.

Sets
its blackness
glistening

Curling
and winding
through
grip mangled
fingers.

Bristling
and
glittering.

No
Nothing else
lingers

Gleam away
little brute.
Gleam away.

Gleam away
little brute.
Gleam away.

As if,
after waving
Capon claws
over ashes,

A single
talon
should
lower –

and silently
plough,

he carves
the ghost
mascot
the length
of his skin.

Stilettoed,
without

interruption.
The body
including
the face.

On a bed
in the dark,

without
interruption.

He imagines
he feels it
tugging and
cinching,

hears it
rustling and
rising,

the naked
intaglio –

lifting free
of its flesh,

silently prowling
from window to
window.

There is
No nothing
else.

There is
No nothing
else.

Flip
was a charmer
and so
was I

Zip
was a devil
and so
was I.

Can't afford,
but bescumber,
our
spunk-stiffened
-tresses

as we stroll
in the glut
trimmed
in frilly
and furs.

Tell us
apart,
we can never
die.

Tell us
apart,
we can never

die.
Fluffed
and the
fluffer,
fluffing
goodbye.

Arm and arm.
Arm and arm,

in our feathers
and blood.

Choo-Choo.
Choo-Choo,
Mama.

Cursing
the rummy
cluck.

Choo-Choo.
Choo-Choo,
Mama.

How
do you lose
your luck?

Choo-Choo.
Choo-Choo,
Mama,

In the dark

lopping off
all interruption,

How
do you lose
your luck?

How
do you lose
your luck?

Red, blade points
knife the air.

All night
he sees it.

Constellating
his thought.

Acne on
a leper.

Lullaby

Tonight

my assistant
will pass among
you.

His cap
will be empty.

*Hey non-e
non-e.*

The most intimate
personal choices
and requests
central to your
personal dignity
will be sung.

*Hey non-e
non-e.*

Why don't minstrels
go from house
to house
howling songs
the way they
used to?

In vain I

bind another
foot.

In vain
and now
the other
foot.

LULLABY
LA LA

You can tell.

*My sweet
little darling*

*My comfort
and joy.*

LULLABY
LA LA

You can tell.

*In beauty
surpassing
are princes
of Troy.*

Some are born
to it.

You can tell.

Some are made
to do it.

Some allowed.

When I

LULLABY
LA LA.

LULLABY
LA LA.

Tonight

my assistant
will hear
the canals
of Mars.

His cap
will be empty.

Hey non-e
non-e.

The most intimate
personal choices
and requests
central to your
personal dignity
will be sung.

Hey non-e
non-e.

Why don't painters
paint their cloudy
spines
chiaroscuro
the way they
used to?

In vain I
douse
another lamp.

In vain
and now
another lamp.

LULLABY
LA LA

You can tell.

My sweet
little darling

my comfort
and joy.

LULLABY
LA LA

You can tell.

*In beauty
surpassing
are princes
of Troy.*

Some are born
to it.

You can tell.

Some are made
to do it.

Some allowed.

When I

LULLABY
LA LA

LULLABY
LA LA

Tonight

my assistant
will pass among
you.

His cap
will be empty.

The most intimate
personal choices
and requests
central to your
personal autonomy

will be sung.

NEW SONGS

2016/2017

The Boston Green Head

Eunuch! Who ordered a eunuch?!

A box bumper from Munich?
The leg schtupper of Cairo?

What a bore.

Dead!

I was sleeping the sleep
of the dead.
When the spade
hit my
poor greywacke head.

Woke me.

A genome eternity without even a shag.
And now I'm back,
unearthed,
brought up for more.

From my glass mausoleum
I am floating down Newbury Street
like a softball moon
in a giant mongoose night.

Sucking the thick pale honey
from one of Cleopatra's diaphragms.

Searching in pain
for my kapet-filled lungs.

I can hear my body's
waterlogged bones
dripping
somewhere
in the
city's darkness.

Waiting
for a
scarab
beneath
a tongue.

Swaying
like a great
cobweb
in a handball
alley,

And all the while . . .
like a switch
to a
Lift to the Scaffold
elevator pitch –

Hate-Fuck, Free Radio is strafing the airwaves.
Brought to you courtesy of the Hate-Fuck,
Free clan.

Hate-Fuck, Free Radio is filling the cave raves.
Brought to you courtesy of the Hate-Fuck,

Free tan. ~

Look!

There's Anubis
barking up the wrong building.
Its rooster fish gawp
from a thousand blazing windows.

Apis is charging in every direction.
Got his own encierro going.
Bouncing off the city's scaly walls.

I pass Bastet the cat woman
minus the rest of the cat,
scratching her cell
on Thoth's mighty erection.

As Atum's slipped, snowflake eels
swarm, choking the sewers,

Set and Sobek are strolling arm in arm
as if Newbury Street were Set's faded
Red desert.

He's singing
'Baby, give us that smile,
you're my Boston crocodile.
Baby, give us that smile,
you're my Boston crocodile.
Baby, give us that smile,
you're my Boston crocodile.'

All the while . . . All in style . . .

Hate-Fuck, Free Radio is saving the concaves
Brought to you courtesy of the Hate-Fuck,
Free man.

Hate-Fuck, Free Radio sulci with white waves.
Brought to you courtesy of the Hate-Fuck,
Free plan.

It's playing
Jealousy, Jealousy, Jealousy –

Time to start taunting me.

Jealousy, Jealousy, Jealousy –

Crops my arm,

dream,

Bity crest.

The hands
I crossed
upon my chest.

Jealousy, Jealousy, Jealousy –
Why does it keep taunting me?

Crops my knees,

my spread.

The sea

behind her head.

Sun!

Who ordered a Crafty Ol' Sun!

It's cold-shouldered its heavenly day boat.
Escaped from beneath the west's edge
of the earth.

Die.

It will never die.

There is no
underworld
night boat
in the harbour
of Boston
waiting
to ferry it
back
eastward,
away.

The object known as The Boston Green Head (380–343 BC) made of rare, precious greywacke and thought to have belonged to the standing figure of a 'eunuque' clad in a linen skirt and holding a miniature temple in his hands was discovered at Saqqara, the burial ground for the ancient city of Memphis. It is thought to have been damaged by a Persian vandal when the head was separated from the body which was never recovered. The head itself now resides in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, Massachusetts.

Black Backing

First then last.

First then last.

I am cast

first then last.

Dog above
sink
in window
breath doesn't fog up.

Snuffed,

the mucilage-moustached
lip.

Lack-lids duct to a brow
by lashes.

Snout leaves sulfide
in deep
Muktuk gashes.

First.

Last —

without my

Black backing.

Black backing. (3 *black girl singers*)

Hey, Diddle-Diddle
squeezed my toothpaste
from the middle.
Tartare wrapped around
a tranq.
Like a floater gaffed
downriver,
had more voices
than Mel Blanc.

They were singing

I'm A Rollin.
I've Been In The Storm
So Long.
Go Down Moses.
Glory, Glory

Goes with the territory.

Thrust to shove.

Thrust to shove.

Like my love.

Thrust to shove.

Pain's throwing fingers
for rain or for snow.
Croupiers rake drags
the scalp of midnight.

Full bladder plus
vengeful erection-
Unpardoned
in every direction.

Sustaining, unsustained

without my

Black backing.

Black backing. (3 *black girl singers*)

Sparkle's leaden.
I keep headin

Without my

Black backing.

Black backing. (3 *black girl singers*)

Attaché

Of the day

I've little to say.

What with
scavenging birds
whomping above
puking down
Laprae
sky burials.

Of the spring?

Well,

rather schtum.

The dildo-smacked cheek
of L'après-midi d'un faune
throbs in a darkened room.

If you're in the right,
you can still be right

down here.
Down here.

If you're in the wrong,
you can still be wrong

down here.
Down here.

When given a bowl of cherries,
he'd add more cherries.
When given a bowl of salt,
he'd add more salt.

OK Corral! . . .

OK Corral! (Male voice choir)*

Her skirt. Her hem.
The lurid light plaiting on . . .

*As it was in the beginning is now and ever
shall . . . (*)*

Wet fences weeping while . . .

Airborne You gam . . . ()*

Clouds cruising along
side like Johns with their . . .

Not a bend in the path to blanket the . . . ()*

Just an unbroken walk thru . . .

Thicker . . . ()*
Thicker.

Side eyes sliding as . . .

Side eyes snagging as . . . ()*

Of the night

there is scant to relay.

The moon's cervical smear
refuses to appear
and give notice
to my occupied building.

Of the world
as it's fading away.

Not a whisper.
Not a whisper.

When given a bowl of cherries
he'd add more cherries.
When given a bowl of salt
he'd add more salt.

Pitt's

DUH-REGUR!

*Leg up on the line
by the Rhône wine. (Rapper)*

Brah! *Leg up on the line
by the Rhône wine.*

DUH-REGUR!

*Leg up on the line
by the Rhône wine.*

Braddah! *Leg up on the line
by the Rhône wine.*

DUH-REGUR!

*Leg up on the line
by the Rhône wine.*

Bruug! *Leg up on the line
by the Rhône wine.*

DUH-REGUR!

DUH-REGUR!

DUH-REGUR!

Sis!

DUH-REGUR!

Blister!

DUH-REGUR!

Si!

DUH-REGUR!

DUH-REGUR!

He may be a gooch,

but not our gooch.

She may be a glif,

but not our glif.

May be hangin

around –

an ol' tuchus

town,

Waltzing the

ram-part.

He may be a felch

but not our felch.

She may be a fab

but not our fab.

May be the

ghost –

of a passed
trading post
wagging its
carotid artery.

Try and gaze out
through the window.
Icy moon
is starin down.

Come, roll around
sweet
Running Bunny
on a *blanket*
on the ground.

The citadel's knell
drones above us.
time to lay your
burden down.

Crease your cheek
sweet
Running Bunny
on a *blanket*
on the ground.

DUH-REGUR!

Bro! *Leg up on the line*
 by the Rhône wine.
 Leg up on the line

by the Rhône wine.

DUH-REGUR!

*Leg up on the line
by the Rhône wine.*

Broseph! *Leg up on the line
by the Rhône wine.*

DUH-REGUR!

*Leg up on the line
by the Rhône wine.*

Bruv! *Leg up on the line
by the Rhône wine.*

DUH-REGUR!

DUH-REGUR!

DUH-REGUR!

Will's!

DUH-REGUR!

Willy!

DUH-REGUR!

Will!

DUH-REGUR!

DUH-REGUR!

He may be a hit,

but not our hit,

She may be a hun,

but not our hun.

The furry
black hex
of malignant
Frontex –
coughed up
by komodo.

He may be a Liam,

but not our Liam.

She may be a lick,

but not our lick.

May be the fold
of a clutching
stronghold,
as rain floods
the ditches.

Yes, I'm wild
about you honey.

I have always
been your clown.

Now,

come,

dump on me
for money.

Ace this *blanket*
on the ground.

DUH-REGUR!

Leg up on the line
by the Rhône wine.

DUH-REGUR!

Leg up on the line
by the Rhône wine.

DUH-REGUR!

Leg up on the line
by the Rhône wine.

Leg up on the line
by the Rhône wine.

Sundog

Sundog

He's a
two bag
dog.

He's a
three bag
dog.

He's a
four bag
dog.

Sundog

He's a
five bag
dog.

He's a
six bag
dog.

He's a
seven bag
dog.

Sundog

He's a
eight bag
dog.

He's a
nine bag
dog.

He's a
ten bag
dog.

Sundog

Ain't
my good
dog.

Ain't
my good
dog.

Ain't
my good
dog.

Sundog

Slidin down
the street

throwin
diamond dust

on the
shoeless feet.

Sundog

couldn't make
the heat.

Sucked the
nipple-zit

on frack-
frozen teat.

Sundog

took my side.

Took my hide.

Can't abide.

Sundog

He's
midnight's
Gov.

I can hear
his nails
clicking
on the floor
above.

Sundog

He's a
twenty bag
dog.

He's a
thirty bag
dog.

He's a
forty bag
dog.

Sundog

He's a
fifty bag
dog.

He's a
sixty bag
dog.

He's a
seventy bag
dog.

Sundog

He's a
eighty bag
dog.

He's a
ninety bag
dog.

He's a
hundred bag
dog.

Sun dog

coming
through
the fog.

Ain't
my good
dog.

Ain't
my good
dog.

Sundog

might
never clog.

Better bring
a shovel.

Barracuda

The collapse
of the
rubber boom
confetti cannons
ashes
around the
room.

Bladders stop
beating
like
moon flowers.

Your bones
on my back.

Your long lost
nom-de-spume.

There's everyone
who isn't you.

No eyes behind
my eyes.

Dreamed into
barracuda.
Dreamed into
shining spires.
Dreamed into

barracuda.
Dreamed into
razor wires.

Dreamed into
barracuda.
Dreamed into
noonday choirs.
Dreamed into
barracuda.
Dreamed into
burning tyres.

The relapse
of the
Khartoum fume
distinguishes
daemonry,
denticulated
plume.

Nubbin knob
knuckled
to
brainnock.

Sweet
stomach sack
breath.

Malarial
Spanish broom.

You're everyone

you never knew.

Dark stars
flinching on
your eyes.

Dreamed into
barracuda.
Dreamed into
wind-tongued
lyres.
Dreamed into
barracuda.
Dreamed into
dead desires.

Dreamed into
barracuda.
Dreamed into
fearless flyers
Dreamed into
barracuda.
Dreamed into
burning tyres.

Scott Walker was born in Hamilton, Ohio and lives in London. Over six decades he has assembled a body of work which bears comparison with the most original and exalted lyricists of the late twentieth century.

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